

THE
Intriguing Chambermaid.

A
F A R C E
OF TWO ACTS.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRES ROYAL
In LONDON, and DUBLIN,
By HIS MAJESTY'S Servants.

Taken from the FRENCH of REGNARD.

BY
HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

*Majores nusquam ronchi ; juvenesque senesque,
Et pueri nasum Rhinocerotis habent.* MART.

DUBLIN:

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2.3

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Goodall,
Valentine,
Lord Pride,
Lord Puff,
Col. Bluff,
Oldcastle,
Trusty,
Slap,
Security,

Mr. *Mynnit.*
Mr. *Dyer.*
Mr. *Bardin.*
Mr. *Dayly.*
Mr. *Woodward.*
Mr. *Layfield.*
Mr. *Mason.*
Mr. *Williams.*
Mr. *Beamsly.*

W O M E N.

Mrs. Highman,
Charlotte,
Lettice,

Miss *Jones.*
Miss *Mason.*
Miss *Pitt.*

Ladies, Constable, Servants, &c.

SCENE, L O N D O N.



T H E

Intriguing Chambermaid.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Scene COVENT-GARDEN.

Mrs. Highman, Lettice.

Mrs. HIGHMAN,

OH! *Mrs. Lettice*, is it you? I am extremely glad to see you; you are the very Person I would meet.

Let. I am much at your Service, Madam.

Mrs. High. Oh! Madam: I know very well that: and at every one's Service, I dare swear, that wi'll pay you for it: but all the Service, Madam, that I have for you, is to carry a Message to your Master—I desire, Madam, that you would tell him from me,

A 2

that

that he is a very great Villain, and that I entreat him never more to come near my Doors; for, if I find him within 'em, I will turn my Niece out of them.

Lett. Truly, Madam, you must send this by another Messenger; but, pray, what has my Master done, to deserve it should be sent at all?

Mrs. High. He has done nothing yet, I believe; I thank Heaven, and my own Prudence; but I know what he would do.

Lett. He would do nothing but what becomes a Gentleman, I am confident.

Mrs. High. Oh! I dare swear, Madam, debauching a young Lady, is acting like a very fine Gentleman; but I shall keep my Niece out of the Hands of such fine Gentlemen.

Lett. You wrong my Master, Madam, cruelly; I know his Designs on your Niece are honourable.

Mrs. High. You know!

Lett. Yes, Madam. No one knows my Master's Heart better than I do: I am sure, were his Designs otherwise, I would not be accessary to 'em; I love your Niece too much, Madam, to carry on any Amour in which she should be a Loser: but as I know that my Master is heartily in love with her, and that she is heartily in love with my Master; and as I am certain they will be a very happy Couple, I will not leave one Stone unturn'd, to bring them together.

Mrs. High. Rare Impudence! Hussy. I have another Match for her, she shall marry Mr. *Oldcastle*.

Lett. Oh then! I find it is you that have a dishonourable Design on your Niece!

Mrs. High. How. Sauciness!

Lett. Yes, Madam, marrying a young Lady, who is in Love with a young Fellow, to an old one whom she hates, is the surest way to bring about I know what, that can possibly be taken.

A I R I. Soldier Laddy.

*When a Virgin in love with a brisk jolly Lad,
You match to a Spark more fit for her Dad,
'Tis as pure, and as sure, and secure as a Gun,
The young Lover's Business is happily done :
Tho' it seems to her Arms he takes the wrong Rout,
Yet my Life for a Farthing,
Pursuing
His Wooing,
The young Fellow finds, tho' he go round about,
It's only to come
The nearest Way home.*

Mrs. High. I can bear this no longer : I wou'd advise you, Madam, and your Master both, to keep from my House, or I shall take Measures you won't like. *[Exit.*

Lett. I defy you ! we have the strongest Party ; and I warrant we'll get the better of you. But here comes the young Lady herself.

S C E N E II.

Lettice, Charlotte.

Charl. So, Mrs. Lettice !

Lett. 'Tis pity you had not come a little sooner, Madam ; your good Aunt is but just gone, and has left positive Orders that you should make more frequent Visits at our House.

Charl. Indeed !

Lett. Yes, Madam ; for she has forbid my Master ever visiting at yours, and I know it will be impossible for you to live without seeing him.

Charl. I assure you ! do you think me so fond then ?

Lett. Do I ! I know you are ; you love nothing else, think of nothing else all Day ; and, if you will confess the Truth, I dare lay a Wager, that you dream of nothing else all Night.

Charl. Then to shew you, Madam, how well you

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know me—the Devil take me—if you are not in the Right.

Lett. Ah! Madam, to a Woman practis'd in Love, like me, there is no Occasion for Confession; for my Part, I don't want Words to assure me of what the Eyes tell me. Oh! if the Lovers wou'd but consult the Eyes of their Mistresses, we shou'd not have such Sighing, Languishing, and Despairing as we have.

A I R II. Bush of Boon.

*What need he trust your Words precise,
Your soft Desires denying;
When, Ob! he reads within your Eyes
Your tender Heart complying.
Your Tongue may cheat,
And with Deceit
Your softer Wishes cover;
But, Ob! your Eyes
Know no Disguise,
Nor ever cheat your Lover.*

S C E N E III.

Lettice, Charlotte, Valentine.

Val. My dearest *Charlotte*! this is meeting my Wishes indeed! for I was coming to wait on you.

Lett. It's very lucky that you do meet her here, for her House is forbidden Ground; you have seen your last of that, Mrs. *Highman* swears.

Val. Ha! not go where my dear *Charlotte* is? What Danger could deter me? What Difficulty prevent me? Not Cannon, nor Plagues, nor all the most frightful Forms of Death, should keep me from her Arms.

Charl. Nay, by what I can find, you are not to put your Valour to any Proof; the Danger is to be mine, I am to be turn'd out of Doors, if ever you are seen in them again.

Val. The Apprehensions of your Danger wou'd, indeed, put it to the severest Proof: But why will my dearest *Charlotte* continue in the House of one who threatens to turn her out of it? Why will she not
know

know another Home, one, where she would find a Protector from every kind of Danger?

Charl. How can you pretend to love me, *Valentine*, and ask me that in our present desperate Circumstances?

Lett. Nay, nay, don't accuse him wrongfully: I won't indeed insist, that he gives you any great Instance of his Prudence by it; but I'll swear, it is a very strong one of his Love, and such an Instance, as when a Man has once shewn, no Woman of any Honesty, or Honour, or Gratitude, can refuse him any longer. For my Part, if I had ever found a Lover who had not wicked mercenary Views upon my Fortune, I should have married him, whatever he had been.

Charl. Thy fortune!

Lett. My Fortune! Yes, Madam, my Fortune; I was worth Fifty Six Pounds before I put into the Lottery; what it will be now, I can't tell; but you know some body must get the great Lot, and why not I?

Val. Oh, *Charlotte*! wou'd you had the same Sentiments with me! for, by Heavens! I apprehend no Danger but that of losing you; and, believe me, love will sufficiently reward us for all the Hazards we run on his Account.

A I R III. *Fanny blooming Fair, &c.*

*Let bold Ambition lie
Within the Warrior's Mind;
False Honours let him buy,
With Slaughter of Mankind:
To Crowns a doubtful Right,
Lay thousands in their Grave:
While wretched Armies fight
Which Master shall enslave.*

*Love took my Heart with Storm,
Let him there rule alone,
In Charlotte's charming Form,
Still sitting on his Throne:
How will my Soul rejoice,
At his Commands to fly,
If spoken in that Voice,
Or look'd from that dear Eye!*

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*To Universal Sway
 Love's Title is the best;
 Well, shall we him obey,
 Who makes his Subjects blest?
 If Heaven for Human Good
 Did Empire first design,
 Love must be understood
 To rule by Right Divine.*

Lett. Hift! hift! get you both about your Buſineſs; Mr. *Oldcaſtle* is juſt turn'd the Corner, and if he ſhou'd ſee you together, you are undone. [*Exit Valentine and Charlotte.*] Now will I banter this old Coxcomb ſeverely; for I think it is a moſt impertinent thing in theſe old Fumblers, to interpoſe in young People's Sport.

S C E N E IV.

Lettice, Oldcaſtle.

Old. Hem! hem! I profeſs it is a very ſevere Eaſterly Wind, and if it was not to ſee a Miſtreſs, I believe I ſhould ſcarce have ſtirred abroad all Day.

Lett. Mr. *Oldcaſtle*, your very humble Servant.

Old. Your humble Servant, Madam: I aſk your Pardon, but I profeſs I have not the Honour of knowing you.

Lett. Men of your Figure, Sir, are known by more than they are themſelves able to remember; I am a poor Handmaid of a young Lady of your Acquaintance, Miſs *Charlotte Highman*.

Old. Oh! your very humble Servant, Madam, I hope your Lady is well?

Lett. Hum! ſo, ſo: She ſent me, Sir, of a ſmall Meſſage to you.

Old. I am the happieſt Man in the World.

Lett. To deſire a particular Favour of you.

Old. She honours me with her Commands.

Lett. She begs, if you have the leaſt Affection for her, that ſhe may never ſee you here again.

Old. What! what!

Lett. She is a very well-bred, civil, good-natur'd Lady,

Lady, and does not care to send a rude Message; therefore only bids me tell you, she hates you, scorns you, detests you more than any Creature upon the Earth; that if you are resolv'd to marry, she would recommend to you a certain excellent Dry Nurse, who might possibly be brought by your Money to do any thing, but go to bed with you; and lastly, she bids me tell you, in this cold Weather, never to go to Bed without a good warm Posset, and never to lie without, at least, a Pair of Flannel Shirts.

Old. Hold your impertinent saucy Tongue!

Lett. Nay, Sir, don't be angry with me, I only deliver my Message; and that too, in as civil and concise a manner as possible.

Old. Your Mistress is a pert young Hussy, and I shall tell her Mother of her.

Lett. That will never do; you had better trust to her own Good-nature; 'tis I am your Friend, and if we can get over three little Obstacles, I don't despair of marrying you to her, yet.

Old. What are those Obstacles?

Lett. Why, Sir, there is in the first Place, your great Age; you are at least some Sixty-Six.

Old. It's a Lye; I want several——Months of it.

Lett. If you did not, I think we may get over this; one half of your Fortune makes a very sufficient Amends for your Age.

Old. We shan't fall out about that.

Lett. Well, Sir; then there is in the second Place, your terrible, ungenteel Air: This is a grand Obstacle with her who is dotingly fond of every thing that is fine and foppish; and yet I think we may get over this too, by the other half of your Fortune.——And now there remains but one, which, if you can find any thing to set aside, I believe I may promise you, you shall have her; and that is, Sir, that horrible Face of yours, which it is impossible for any one to see without being frighten'd.

Old. Ye impudent Baggage! I'll tell your Mistress, I'll have you turn'd off.

Lett.

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Lett. That will be well repaying me indeed, for all the Services I have done you.

Old. Services!

Lett. Services! Yes, Sir, Services, and to let you see I think you fit for a Husband, I'll have you my self! Who can be more proper for a Husband, than a Man of your Age and Taste? for I think you cou'd not have the Conscience to live above a Year, or a Year and a half at most: And I think a good plentiful Jointure wou'd make Amends for one's enduring you as long as that; provided we live in separate Parts of the House, and one had a good handsome Groom of the Chambers to attend one.

A I R IV. Hark, hark, the Cock crows.

*When a Lover like you,
Does a Woman pursue,
She must have little Wit in her Brain, Sir;
If for better and worse,
She takes not the Purse,
Alas, with her sighing poor Swain, Sir;*

*Tho' hugg'd to her Wishes,
Amidst empty Dishes,
Much hunger her Stomach may prove, Sir;
But a Pocket of Gold,
As full as 'twill hold,
Will still find her Food for her Love, Sir.—[Exit.*

Old. You are an impertinent impudent Baggage! and I have a mind to —— I am out of Breath with Passion; and I shall not recover it this half Hour.

S C E N E V.

Valentine, Trusty.

Val. So, honest Trusty, what Success?

Trusty. I went to the Jeweller's with the Ring which your Honour told me cost an Hundred Pound, but he refus'd to give me any more than Fifty for it, so I e'en took that.

Val.

Val. Very Well!

Trusty. As for the old Silver Bowl, which your Father valued at Fourſcore Pounds, Mr. *Whiting* ſaid, there was ſo much reckoned for the Faſhion, and that it was ſo old and ungenteel, that he offered me but Twenty: But I knew your Honour wanted Money, and ſo I took it.

Val. Very well.

Trusty. The Gold Repeating Watch I carried to the Maker, and told him he had received Fifty odd Guineas for it, two Years ago: But, he ſaid, it was much the worſe for wearing; and that the Nobility and Gentry run ſo much into *Pinchbeck*, that he had not diſpoſed of two Gold Watches this Month; however, he ſaid he would give half; and I thought that better than Nothing, ſo I let him have it.

Val. Very well.

Trusty. But this was nothing to that Rogue in *Monmouth-ſtreet*, who offered me but Sixteen Pounds for the two Suits of fine Cloaths, that I dare ſwear ſtood your Honour in above a Hundred. I flew into a great Paſſion with him, and have brought them back again.

Val. You ſhould have taken the Money.

Trusty. One Piece of ſurpriſing good Fortune, was the ſaving of your Medals; which, as I was juſt going to diſpoſe of, a Gentleman whiſpered in my Ear, that a certain Knight that would be in Town in a Fortnight, would give ſix times as much for them.

Val. A Fortnight! what of a Fortnight? a Fortnight's an Age. I would not give a Shilling for the Reverſion of an Eſtate ſo long to come. Here, give me what Money you have brought, and go and diſpoſe of the reſt immediately.

Trusty. But, Sir I wiſh your Honour would conſider: For my Part, I dread my old Maſter's coming home; and yet if he does not, what you will do any longer, Heaven knows.

Val. Don't trouble thyſelf about that: but go, execute my Commands.

[Exit *Trusty*.]

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A I R V. Excuse me.

*Let Misers with Sorrow To-day,
 Lay up, for To-morrow's Array,
 Like Tantalus thirsty, who craves
 Drink, up to his Chin in the Waves,
 But Fortune, like Women, To-day may be kind,
 And yield to your Mind,
 To-morrow she goes,
 And on others bestows
 The Blessing.
 The Lover who yields to the Fair one's Delays,
 Oft loses the Day,
 Then fly to her Arms,
 For we are sure
 Of her Charms
 When possessing.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, a Gentleman in Mourning desires to see you.

Val. Shew him in. [*Exit Servant*] Would my dear Charlotte were here.

S C E N E VII.

Valentine, Slap.

Val. Your most obedient Servant, Sir ; I have not the Honour of knowing you, Sir.

Slap. I believe you do not, Sir ; I ask Pardon, but I have a small Writ against you.

Val. A Writ against me !

Slap. Don't be uneasy, Sir ; it is only for a Trifle, Sir ; about Two hundred Pounds.

Val. What must I do, Sir ?

Slap. Oh, Sir ! whatever you please ; only pay the Money, or give Bail, which you please.

Val. I can do neither of them this Instant, and I expect Company every Moment ; I suppose, Sir, you'll take my Word till To-morrow Morning.

Slap.

Slap. Oh, yes Sir ; with all my Heart, if you will be so good as to step to my House hard by, you shall be extremely well us'd, and I'll take your Word.

Val. Your House ! 'Sdeath your Rascal !

Slap. Nay, Sir, 'tis in vain to bully.

Val. Nay, then ! — Who's there — my Servants.

[*Enter Servants.*] Here, kick this Fellow down Stairs.

Slap. This is a Rescue, remember that — a Rescue, Sir ; I'll have my Lord Chief Justice's Warrant.

[*Slap is forced off by the Servants.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Goodall, Lettice, and Servant, with a Portmanteau.

Good. **T**HIS curst Stage Coach from *Portsmouth* hath fatigu'd me more than my Voyage from the *Cape of Goodhope* : But Heaven be praised, I am once more arriv'd within Sight of my own Doors. I cannot help thinking how pleas'd my Son will be to see me return'd a full Year sooner than my Intention.

Lett. He would be much more pleased to hear you were at the *Cape of Goodhope* yet. [*Aside.*]

Good. I hope I shall find my poor Boy at home ; I dare swear he will die with Joy to see me.

Lett. I believe he is half dead already ; but now for you, my good Master, [*Aside.*] Bless me ! what do I see ! An Apparition !

Good. Lettice !

Lett. Is it my dear Master *Goodall* return'd, or is it the Devil in his Shape ? Is it you, Sir, is it positively you yourself ?

Good. Even so. How do you do, Lettice ?

Lett. Much at your Honour's Service ; I am heartily glad to see your Honour in such good Health. Why the Air of the *Indies* hath agreed vastly with you ; indeed, Sir, you ought to have stayed a little longer there for the Sake of your Health — and our Quiet.

Good. Well, but how does my Son do ? And how hath he behav'd himself in my Absence ? I hope he hath taken great Care of my Affairs.

B

Lett.

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Lett. I'll answer for him, he hath put your Affairs into a Condition that will surprize you, take my Word for it.

Good. I warrant you, he is every Day in the *Alley*. Stocks have gone just as I imagin'd ; and if he follow'd my Advice, he must have amassed a vast Sum of Money.

Lett. Not a Farthing, Sir.

Good. How, how, how !

Lett. Sir, he hath paid it out as fast as it came in.

Good. How !

Lett. Put it out, I mean, Sir, to Interest ; to Interest, Sir : Why, our House hath been a perfect Fair ever since you went, People coming for Money every Hour of the Day.

Good. That's very well done ; and I long to see my dear Boy. [*To Lettice*] Knock at the Door.

Lett. He is not at home, Sir, ——— and if you have such a Desire to see him, ———

S C E N E II.

Security, Goodall, Lettice.

Sec. Your Servant, Mrs. *Lettice*.

Lett. Your Servant, Mr. *Security*. — Here's a Rogue of a Usurer, who hath found a very proper Time to ask for his Money in.

Sec. Do you know, Mrs. *Lettice*, that I am weary of following your Master Day after Day in this Manner, without finding him ; and that if he does not pay me To day, I shall sue out an Execution directly : A Thousand Pounds are a Sum ———

Good. What, what, what's this I hear ?

Lett. I'll explain it to you by and by, Sir.

Good. Does my Son owe you a Thousand Pounds ?

Sec. Your Son, Sir ?

Good. Yes, Sir ; this Woman's young Master, who lives at that House ; Mr. *Valentine Goodall* is my Son.

Sec. Yes, Sir, he does ; and I am very glad you are return'd to pay it me.

Good. There go two Words though to that Bargain.

Lett. I believe, Sir, you will do it with a great deal of Joy, when you know that his owing this Money, is purely an Effect of his Good Conduct.

Good.

Good. Good Conduct ! Owing Money Good Conduct ?

Lett. Yes, Sir, he hath bought a House, of the Price of Two Thousand Pounds, which every one says is worth more than Four ; and this he could not have done without borrowing this Thousand Pound. I am sure, Sir, I and he, and *Trusty* ran all over the Town to get the Money, that he might not lose so good a Bargain. [I believe there will not go many Words to the Payment on't now.

Afide.

Good. I am overjoy'd at my Son's Behaviour. — Sir, you need give yourself no pain about the Money ; return to-morrow Morning, and you shall receive it.

Sec. Sir, your Word is sufficient for a much greater Sum, and I am your very humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Good. Well, but tell me a little, in what Part of the Town hath my Son bought this House.

Lett. In what Part of the Town ?

Good. Yes ; there are, you know, some *Quartens* better than others — as, for Example, this here —

Lett. Well, and it is in this that it stands.

Good. What, not the great House yonder, is it ?

Lett. No, no, no ; do you see that House, yonder — where the Windows seem to have been just clean'd ?

Good. Yes.

Lett. It is not that — And a little beyond, you see another very large House, higher than any other in the Square.

Good. I do.

Lett. But it is not that — Take particular Notice of the House opposite to it ; a very handsome House is it not.

Good. Yes, indeed, is it.

Lett. That is not the House. — But you may see one with great Gates before it almost opposite to another that fronts a Street, at the End of which stands the House which your Son hath bought.

Good. There is no good House in that Street, as I remember, but Mrs. *Highman's*.

Lett. That's the very House.

Good. That's a very good Bargain, indeed ; but how comes a Woman in her Circumstances to sell her House ?

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Lett. It is impossible, Sir, to account for Peoples Actions ; besides, she is out of her Senses.

Good. Out of her Senses !

Lett. Yes, Sir ; her Family hath taken out a Commission of Lunacy against her ; and her Son, who is a most abandon'd Prodigal, hath sold all she had for half its Value.

Good. Son ! why she was not married when I went away.

Lett. No, Sir ; but to the great Surprize of every one, and to the great Scandal of all our Sex, there appeared all of a Sudden a very lusty young Fellow, of the Age of Three-and-twenty, whom she own'd to have been her Son, and that his Father was a Grenadier in the First Regiment of Guards.

Good. Oh, monstrous !

Lett. Ah, Sir ! if every Child in this City knew his own Father ; if Children were to inherit only the Estates of those who begot them, it would cause a great Confusion in Inheritances.

Good. Well : But I stand here talking too long : Knock at the Door.

Lett. What shall I do ? ——— [*Aside.*

Good. You seem in a Consternation ! no Accident hath happen'd to my Son, I hope ?

Lett. No, Sir, but ———

Good. But ! but what ? hath any one robbed me in my Absence ?

Lett. No, Sir ; not absolutely robbe d ou, Sir ; — What shall I say ! ———

Good. Explain yourself, speak.

Lett. Oh, Sir ! I can with-hold my Tears no longer ——— enter not, I beseech you, Sir, your House, Sir ; your dear House, that you and I, and my poor young Master lov'd so much within these Six Months.

Good. What of my House, within these Six Months ?

Lett. Hath been haunted, Sir, with the most terrible Apparitions that ever were heard or beheld ! You'd think the Devil himself had taken Possession, of it : Nay, I believe he hath too. All the wild Noises in the Universe ; the squeaking of Pigs, the

the Grinding of Knives, the whetting of Saws, the whistling of Winds, the roaring of Seas, the hooting of Owls, the howling of Wolves, the Braying of Asses, the squalling of Children, and the scolding of Wives, all put together, make not so hideous a Concert. This I myself have heard; nay, and I have seen such Sights! one with about twenty Heads, and a hundred Eyes and Mouths, and Noses in each!

Good. Heyday! the Wench is mad. Stand from before the Door! I'll see whether the Devil can keep me out from my own House: Haunted, indeed! —

Lett. Sir, I have a Friendship for you, and you shall not go in.

Good. How! not go into my own House?

Lett. No, Sir; not till the Devil is driven out on't; there are two Priests at work upon him now. Hark! I think [the Devils are dancing. Nay, Sir, you may listen yourself, and get in too, if you can.

[*Laughing within.*

Good. Ha! by all that's gracious, I hear a Noise.

Lett. I have nothing but his monstrous Superstition to rely on.

[*Shriek within.*

Good. Oh Heavens, what monstrous Squalling is that!

Lett. Why, Sir, I am surpriz'd you should think I would impose upon you. I assure you, your House is haunted by a whole Legion of Devils. Your whole Family hath been driven out of it: and this was one Reason why your Son bought Madam Highman's House, not being able to live any longer in this.

Good. I am in a cold Sweat! What! my Son left this House?

Lett. Oh! Sir, I am sure, had you known the Terrors we underwent for a whole Fortnight, especially poor I, Sir, who lay every Night frighten'd with the Sight of the most monstrous large Things, fearing every Minute what they would do to me. —

Good. Can all this be true, or are you imposing on me? I have indeed heard of such Things as Apparitions, on just Causes, and believe in them; but why they should haunt my House, I can't imagine.

Lett. Why, Sir, they tell me, before you bought the House, there was a Murder committed in it.

Good. I must inquire into all these Things; but, in the mean Time, I must send this Portmanteau to my Son's new House.

Lett. No, Sir; that's a little improper, at present.

Good. What, is that House haunted! hath the Devil taken Possession of that House too?

Lett. No, Sir; but Madam *Highman* hath not yet quitted Possession of it: I told you before, Sir, that she was out of her Senses; and if any one does but mention the Sale of her House, it throws her into the most violent Convulsions.

Good. Well, well, I shall know how to humour her Madnefs.

Lett. I wish, Sir, for a Day or two ———

Good. You throw me out of all manner of Patience, I am resolv'd I will go thither this Instant.

Lett. Here she is herself; but pray remember the Condition she is in, and don't do any thing to chagrin her.

S C E N E III.

Lettice, Goodall, Mrs. Highman.

Mrs. High. What do I see! Mr. *Goodall* return'd?

Lett. Yes, Madam, it is him; but alas! he's not himself, — he's distracted; his Losses in his Voyage have turn'd his Brain, and he is become a downright Lunatick.

Mrs. High. I am heartily concern'd for his Misfortune Poor Gentleman.

Lett. If he should speak to you by Chance, have no Regard to what he says; we are going to shut him up in a Mad-house with all Expedition.

Mrs. High. [*aside*] He hath a strange Wand'ring in his Countenance.

Good. [*aside*] How miserably she is alter'd! she hath a terrible Look with her Eyes.

Mrs. High. Mr. *Goodall*, your very humble Servant, I am glad to see you return'd, tho' I am sorry for your Misfortune.

Good.

Good. I must have Patience, and trust in Heaven, and in the Power of the Priests, who are now endeavouring to lay these wicked Spirits, with which my House is haunted.

Mrs. High. His House haunted! Poor Man! But I must not contradict him, that would make him worse.

Good. In the mean Time, *Mrs Highman*, I should be oblig'd to you, if you wou'd let me order my Portmanteau to your House.

Mrs. High. My House is at your Service, and I desire you wou'd use it in the same Manner as your own.

Good. I wou'd not, Madam, on any Account, insult your unfortunate Condition. ——— *Lettice*, this Lady does not carry any Marks of Madness about her.

Lett. She hath some lucid Intervals, Sir, but her Fit will soon return.

Good. I am extremely sorry for your Misfortune, *Mrs. Highman*, which, indeed, had I not been so well assur'd of, I could not have believ'd: But I have known some in your Way, who, during the Intervals of their Fits, have talked very reasonably; therefore give me Leave to ask you the Cause of your Phrensy: for I much question, whether this Commission of Lunacy that has been taken out against you, be not without sufficient Proof.

Mrs. High. A Commission of Lunacy against me! me!

Good. *Lettice*, I see she is worse than I imagin'd.

Mrs. High. However, if you are not more mischievous than you at present seem, I think it is wrong in them to confine you in a Mad-house.

Good. Confine me! ha, ha, ha! this is turning the Tables upon me, indeed! But *Mrs Highman*, I would not have you be uneasy that your House is sold; it is better for you that my Son hath bought it, than another; for you shall have an Apartment in it still, in the same Manner as if it was still your own, and you were in your Senses.

Mrs. High. What's all this? As if I was still in my Senses! Let me tell you, *Mr. Goodall*, you are a poor distracted Wretch, and ought to have an Apartment in a dark Room, and clean Straw.

Good.

Good. Since you come to that, Madam, I shall shew you the nearest Way out of Doors; and I give you Warning to take away your Things, for I shall fill all the Rooms with Goods within these few Days.

S C E N E IV.

Lettice, Goodall, Slap, Constable, and Assistants.

Slap. That's the Door, Mr. Constable.

Lett. What's to be done now, I wonder?

Const. Open the Door in the King's Name, or I shall break it open.

Good. Who are you Sir, in the Devil's Name? and what do you want in that House?

Slap. Sir, I have a Prisoner there, and I have my Lord Chief Justice's Warrant against him.

Good. For what Sum, Sir? Are you a Justice of Peace?

Slap. I am one of his Majesty's Officers, Sir; and this Day I arrested one Mr. *Valentine Goodall*, who lives in this House, for two Hundred Pounds; his Servants have rescued him, and I have a Judge's Warrant for the Rescue.

Good. What do I hear? But hark'ye Friend, that House that you are going to break open is haunted; and there is no one in it, but a Couple of Priests who are laying the Devil.

Slap. I warrant you, I lay the Devil better than all the Priests in *Europe*. Come, Mr. Constable, do your Office, I have no Time to lose: Sir, I have several other Writs to execute before Night.

Lett. I have defended my Pass as long as I can, and now I think it is no Cowardice to steal off. [Exit.]

S C E N E V.

Colonel Bluff, Slap, Goodall, Constable.

Col. What, in the Devil's Name, is the meaning of this Riot? What is the Reason, Scoundrels, that you dare disturb Gentlemen, who are getting as drunk as Lords?

Slap.

Slap. Sir, we have Authority for what we do.

Col. Damn your Authority, Sir! If you don't go about your Business, I shall shew you my Authority, and send you all to the Devil.

Slap. It is he! I have a Warrant against him too; I wish it was in my Pocket.

Const. Mr. *Slap*, Shall we knock him down?

Slap. Sir, I desire you would give us Leave to enter the House and seize our Prisoner.

Col. Not I, upon my Honour, Sir.

Slap. If you oppose us any longer, I shall proceed to Force.

Col. If you love Force, I'll shew you the Way, you Dogs. *[Colonel drives them off.]*

Good. I find I am distracted, I am stark raving mad, I am undone, ruin'd, cheated, impos'd on! but please Heaven I'll go see what's in my House.

Col. Hold, Sir, you must not enter here.

Good. Not enter into my own House, Sir?

Col. No, Sir, if it be your's, you must not come within it.

Good. Gentlemen, I only beg to speak with the Master of the House.

Col. Sir, the Master of the House desires to speak with no such Fellows as you are; you are not fit Company for any of the Gentlemen in this House.

Good. Sir, the Master of this House is my Son.

Col. Sir, your most obedient humble Servant; I am overjoy'd to see you return'd. Give me Leave to tell you, Sir, you have the Honour of being Father to one of the finest Gentlemen of the Age: A Man so accomplish'd, so well-bred, and so generous; that I believe he never wou'd part with a Guest, while he had a Shilling in his Pocket, nor, indeed, while he could borrow one.

Good. I believe it indeed, Sir, therefore you can't wonder if I am impatient to see him.

Col. Be not in such Haste, dear Sir; I want to talk with you about your Affairs; I hope you have had good Success in the *Indies*; have cheated the Company handsomely; and made an immense Fortune.

Good.

Good. I have no Reason to complain.

Col. I am glad on't, Sir, and so will your Son I dare swear : And let me tell you, it will be very opportune, he began to want it. You can't imagine, Sir, what a fine Life he has led since you went away : It would do your Heart good, if you was but to know what an Equipage he has kept ; what Balls and Entertainments he has made : He is the Talk of the whole Town, Sir, a Man wou'd work with Pleasure for such a Son : He is a Fellow with a Soul, damn me ! Your Fortune won't be thrown away upon him for get as much as you please, my Life he spends every Farthing.

Good. Pray, Gentlemen, let me see this Miracle of a Son of mine.

Col. That you shou'd Sir, long ago, but really, Sir, the House is a little out of Order at present, there is but one Room furnish'd in it ; and that is so full of Company that I am afraid there wou'd be a small Deficiency of Chairs, you can't imagine, Sir, how opportune you are come ; there was not any one Thing left in the House to raise any Money upon.

Good. What, all my Pictures gone ?

Col. He sold them first : Sir, he was oblig'd to sell them for the Delicacy of his Taste : He certainly is the modestest young Fellow in the World, and has complain'd to me a hundred Times of the indecent Liberty Painters take in exposing the Breasts and Limbs of Women : You had, indeed, Sir, a very scandalous Collection, and he was never easy while they were in the House.

S C E N E VI.

Valentine, Colonel, Goodall.

Val. My Father return'd ! oh ! let me throw myself at his Feet, and believe me, Sir, I am at once overjoy'd and asham'd to see your Face.

Col. I told you, Sir, he was one of the modestest young-Fellows in *England*

Good. You may very well be asham'd : But come let me see the Inside of my House ; let me see that both Sides of my Walls are standing.

Val.

Val. Sir, I have a great Deal of Company within, of the first Fashion, and beg you wou'd not expose me before them.

Good. Oh, Sir! I am their very humble Servant: I am infinitely oblig'd to all the Persons of Fashion, that they will so generously condescend to eat a poor Citizen out of Houle and Home.

Col. Hark'ye, *Val*, shall we tofs this old Fellow in a Blanket?

Val. Sir, I trust in your good Nature and Forgiveness, and will wait on you in.

Good. Oh, that ever I shou'd live to see this Day!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Charlotte, Lord Pride, Lord Puff, discover'd in a Chamber.

Goodall, Valentine.

Val. Gentlemen and Ladies, my Father being just arrived from the *Indies*, desires to make one of this good Company.

Good. My good Lords (that I may affront none by calling him beneath his Title) I am highly sensible of the great Honour you do myself and my Son, by filling my poor House with your noble Persons, and your noble Persons with my poor Wine and Provisions, I dare swear you have been all highly Instrumental in the Extravagancies of my Son, for which I am very much oblig'd to you, and humbly hope that I shall never see him, or any of your Faces again.

L. Pride. Brother *Puff*, what does the Fellow mean?

L. Puff. Curse me if I know.

Good. I am very glad that my Son hath ruin'd himself in so good a Company; that when I disinherite him, he can't fail of being provided for; I promise myself that your Interest will help him to Places and Preferments in Abundance.

L. Pride. Sir, any Thing in my Power, he may always command.

L. Puff. Or mine.

L. Pride.

24 *The Intriguing Chambermaid.*

L. Pride. But let me whisper a Word in your Ear,
—— Your Son is a very extravagant Fellow.

Good. That's very true, Sir; but I hope that you will consider that you have assisted him in it; and therefore will help his Necessities with a Brace of Thousands.

L. Pride. I don't understand you, Sir.

Good. Why then, Sir, that you may understand me, I must tell you in plain Words, that he owes his Ruin to entertaining such fine Gentlemen as yourself.

L. Pride. Me, Sir! Rat me! I would have you know, I think I do you too much Honour in entering into your Doors: But I am glad you have taught me at what Distance to keep such Mechanicks for the future: Come, *Puff*, let's to the Opera; I see if a Man hath not good Blood in his Veins, Riches won't teach him to behave like a Gentleman.

L. Puff. Canille!

[*Exeunt L. Pride, L. Puff, and Ladies.*]

Good. S'bodlikins! I am in a Rage; that ever a Fellow shou'd upbraid me with good Blood in his Veins, when, Odsheart! the best Blood in his Veins hath run thro' my Bottles.

Col. Sir, you are a Scrub; and if I had not a Friendship for your Son; I'd shew you how you ought to treat People of Fashion.

[*Exit Colonel.*]

Charl. Poor *Valentine*! How tenderly I feel his Misfortunes!

Good. Why don't you follow your Companions, Sir?

Val. Ah! Sir, I am so sensible of what I have done, that I could fly into a Defart from the Apprehensions of your just Wrath; nay, I will, unless you can forgive me.

Good. Who are you, Madam, that stay behind the rest of your Company? There is no more Mischief to be done here, so there is no more Business for a fine Lady.

Charl. Sir, I stay to intreat you to forgive your poor unhappy Son, who will otherwise sink under the Weight of your Displeasure.

Good.

The Intriguing Chambermaid. 25

Good. Ah, Madam, if that be all the Business, you may leave this House as soon as you please; for him, I am determin'd to turn directly out on't.

Charl. Then, Sir, I am determin'd to go with him. Be comforted *Valentine*; I have some Fortune, which my Aunt cannot prevent me from, and it will make us happy, for a while at least; and I prefer a Year, a Month, a Day, with the Man I love, to a whole stupid Age without him.

Val. O, my dear Love! and I prefer an Hour with thee to all that Heaven can give me. Oh! I am so blest, that Fortune cannot make me miserable.

S C E N E VIII.

Goodall, Valentine, Charlotte, Oldcastle, and
Mrs. Highman.

Old. Here, Madam, now you may trust your own Eyes, if you won't believe mine.

Mrs. High. What do I see? My Niece in the very Arms of her Betrayer, and his Father an Abettor of the Injustice! — Sir, give me leave to tell you, your Madness is a poor Excuse for this Behaviour.

Good. Madam, I ask your Pardon for what I said to you To-day. I was impos'd on by a vile Wretch, who, I dare swear, misrepresented each of us to the other. I assure you, I am not mad, nor do I believe you so.

Mrs. High. Thou vile Wretch! thou Dishonour of thy Family! How dost thou dare to appear before my Face?

Charl. Madam, I have done nothing to be ashamed of; and I dare appear before any one's Face.

Good. Is this young Lady a Relation of yours?

Mrs. High. She was, before your Son had accomplished his base Designs on her.

Charl. Madam, you injure him: his Designs on me have been still honourable, nor hath he said any thing which the most virtuous Ears might not have heard.

Val. To-morrow shall silence your Suspicions on that Head.

C

Mrs.

26 *The Intriguing Chambermaid.*

Mrs. Higb. What, Mr. *Goodall*, do you forgive your Son's Extravagance?

Good. Is this Lady your Heiress?

Mrs. Higb. I once intended her so.

Good. Why then, Madam, I like her generous Passion for my Son so much, that if you will give her a Fortune equal to what I shall settle on him, I shall not prevent their Happiness.

Mrs. Higb. Won't you? And I see she is so entirely his, in her Heart, that since he hath not dared to think dishonourably of her I shall do all in my Power to make it a bargain.

Val. Eternal Blessings on you both! now my *Charlotte*, I am blest indeed.

Old. And pray, Madam, what's to become of me?

Mrs. Higb. That, Sir, I cannot possibly tell; you know I was your Friend; but my Niece thought fit to dispose of herself another Way.

Old. Your Niece has behav'd like a —— Bodikins! I am in a Passion; and for her sake, I'll never make love to any Woman again, I am resolv'd.

[Exit in a Pet.

Mrs. Higb. No imprudent Resolution.

Good. I hope, *Valentine*, you will make the only Return in your Power, to my paternal Tenderness in forgiving you; and let the Misery you so narrowly escap'd, from your former Extravagancies, be a Warning to you for the future.

Val. Sir, was my Gratitude to your great Goodness insufficient to reclaim me, I am in no Danger of engaging in any Vice, whereby this Lady might be a Sufferer.

Single, I'd suffer Fate's severest Dart
Unmov'd; but who can bear the double Smart,
When Sorrow preys upon the Fair One's Heart.

F I N I S.

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